

FEAR

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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ADVENTURE INTO FEAR™
THE MAN CALLED MORBIUS™

THE LIVING VAMPIRE

CAUGHT IN THE
COVEN OF DEATH!

AND NOT EVEN
MORBIUS
CAN SURVIVE!

“BLOODY SACRIFICE!”

Once Michael Morbius was a world-renowned bio-chemist, dying of an unknown blood disease—and desperately searching for a CURE. He found that cure—but, in turn, it afflicted him with a CURSE far worse than any possible disease; the curse of the blood-sucking night-beast; the curse of...THE LIVING VAMPIRE!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE MAN CALLED **MORBIUS!**™

the **VAMPIRES** of **MASON** **MANOR!**

WE'RE BEING
ATTACKED BY
VAMPIRES!

THIS IS
IMPOSSIBLE,
STROUD!

I THOUGHT
YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE
IN VAMPIRES,
FANG-FACE?

INSTANT RE-CAP TIME:
THE MAN CALLED MORBIUS AND
THE EX-CIA AGENT, SIMON STROUD,
HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM THE
WEIRD 'OTHER DIMENSION' OF THE
BEING KNOWN AS HELLEYES—
ONLY TO FIND THEMSELVES IN THE
BASEMENT OF HAUNTED MASON
MANOR—UNDER ATTACK BY WHAT
CAN ONLY BE REAL VAMPIRES!

STORY BILL MANTLO | ART GEORGE EVANS | INKS F. SPRINGER | LETTERING KAREN MANTLO | COLORING PHIL RACHE | EDITOR MARY WOLFMAN

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YOUR BELIEFS
ARE OF LITTLE
CONSEQUENCE,
INTRUDER!

FOR YOUR
DEATHS WILL
BE SWIFT!

I HAVE A HUNCH THAT
THIS CLEARS YOU OF THE
VAMPIRE-MURDERS IN
BOSTON,
MORBIUS...

--BUT
THAT
DOESN'T
GET US
OUT OF
HERE!

GOT ANY
SUGGESTIONS,
NOBEL PRIZE-
WINNER?



IT MUST BE SOME
DISEASE -- PERHAPS AN
AFFLICTION BROUGHT
ABOUT BY DRUGS!

I WAS AN
ACCIDENT,
STROUD! A
SCIENTIFIC
MISTAKE!

THERE ARE NO
SUCH THINGS AS
VAMPIRES!



GLAD TO
HEAR IT!

THERE'S A
DOOR HERE,
BLOODSUCKER!

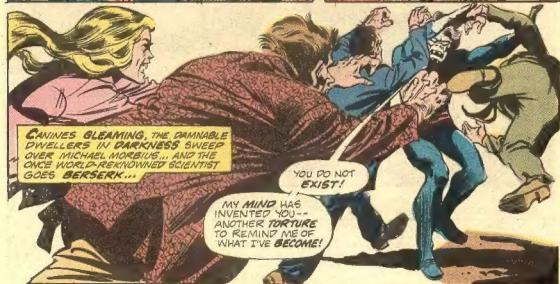
MAYBE
IT'S A WAY
OUT!!



C'MON!
OPEN, YOU
@#%*!!

NO USE, LEECH!
IT'S JAMMED!

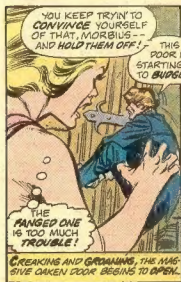
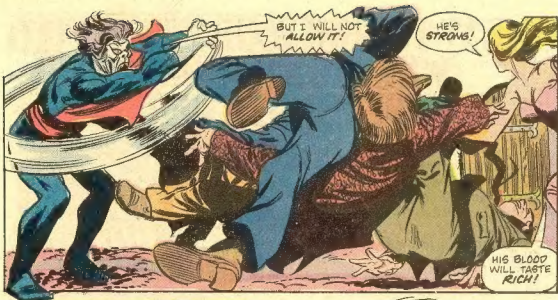
THEY'RE
ON US,
STROUD!



CAVINES GLEAMING, THE DAMNABLE
DWELLERS IN DARKNESS SWEEP
OVER MICHAEL MORBIUS... AND THE
ONCE WORLD-REKNOWNED SCIENTIST
GOES BERSERK...

YOU DO NOT
EXIST!

MY MIND HAS
INVENTED YOU--
ANOTHER TORTURE
TO REMIND ME OF
WHAT I'VE BECOME!





WHO YOU TRYING TO FOOL, STROUD? YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T LEAVE HIM--

--HE MAY BE BONKERS, BUT HE'S HUMAN! AND IF WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM EVER HAPPENED TO ME--

--I'D PROBABLY GO RIGHT OUT OF MY GOURD, TOO!



60--

--C'MERE CHAIR!



OL' SIMON'S GONNA PUT YOU TO A GOOD USE!

CRASH!



LET'S DO IT, SIMON OLD BOY -- JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES!

YOU MIGHT SAY I'VE GOT MY JOB STAKED OUT FOR ME!

OOOO! NO POINTS, SIMON!



TAKE THAT, SCUM!

GAAAAA!

HOLD ON, LEECH! CAVALRY'S COMIN'!



FOOL! YOU THINK BECAUSE YOU SLAY ONE OF OUR NUMBER--

--THAT YOU ARE FREE FROM HARM?

GARRRR!

I WAS HOPING IT WOULD WORK THAT WAY, TONGLES!



AYEEEE!

TCHOK!

ANYONE
EVER TELL YOU
YOU'VE GOT
BAD BREATH?



STROUD--
LOOK!!

THEY--THEY'RE
DISINTEGRATING
RIGHT BEFORE
OUR EYES!



BUT THAT--
THIS IS ALL
IMPOSSIBLE!

YOU SURE ARE
FOND OF THAT
WORD 'IMPOSSIBLE',
AREN'T YOU?

WHEN ARE YOU
GOING TO
BELIEVE THAT
YOU'RE NOT THE
ONLY VAMPIRE
IN TOWN?

I MEAN--IS IT
AN EGO PROBLEM
OR SOMETHING?



YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
HOW COULD
YOU?

I MADE
MYSELF
THE WAY
I AM!

IT'S CONTRARY
TO ALL I KNOW
THAT OTHERS
COULD POSSESS
THE SAME CURSE
--IN A WAY THAT
LIES OUTSIDE
SCIENCE!

BULLY
FOR
SCIENCE!



I GUESS IT'S
NOT ALL IT'S
CRACKED UP
TO BE!

NOW WHAT
SAY WE GET
THE HELL OUT
OF HERE!

DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS STAIRWAY LEADS, LEECH-- BUT UP IS AS GOOD A DIRECTION AS ANY AT THIS POINT--

--AND I HAVE A HUNCH THAT THERE ARE MORE BADDIES ABOUT THIS HOUSE BUNCH WE JUST X'D!

YES --MORE BLOOD!

THEY BLEED, STROUD! DID YOU SEE?

WHAT'D YOU EXPECT, MORBIUS? CARROT JUICE?

YOU ALWAYS TALK IN JEST, STROUD! HAVE YOU EVER REMOVED THE SNEER FROM YOUR LIPS LONG ENOUGH TO TRULY UNDERSTAND WHAT GOES THRU THE MINDS OF OTHERS?

ONCE, MORBIUS-- I STOPPED LAUGHING ONCE!

BUT IT DIDN'T CHANGE ANYTHING-- THE LADY DIED ANYWAY!

NOW WHY DON'T YOU COOL IT FOR AWHILE-- I HEAR VOICES.

BUT SO INTENT IS SIMON STROUD ON THE SOUNDS HE HEARS FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS...

...THAT HE FAILS TO TAKE ACCOUNT THAT REAL VAMPIRE OR NO-- MICHAEL MORBIUS MUST STILL HAVE BLOOD TO MAINTAIN HIS EXISTENCE, AND ANY BLOOD WILL DO!

AND WE'LL JUST KEEP YOU HANGIN', PILGRIM-- WHILE WE SWITCH TO BOSTON POLICE HQ-- THE OFFICE OF POLICE CHIEF WARNER!!!

HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU? MICHAEL'S AFFLICTION IS NOT COMMUNICABLE!

HE COULDN'T HAVE TURNED OTHERS INTO VAMPIRES!

WELL, LADY, STROUD SEEMS TO THINK YOU'RE RIGHT--

--WHICH IS WHY YOU'RE WAITING HERE UNTIL HE GETS BACK WITH YOUR FIANCE IN TOW! ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

MARTINE SLUMPS IN HER CHAIR-- THE LONG HOURS OF QUESTIONING AND THE SNARLING OF THE BESTIAL FORM STRAPPED TO THE CHAIR BEHIND HER FINALLY TAKING THEIR TOLL...

OH WHY CAN'T YOU LET HIM ALONE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S GOING THROUGH!

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT -- IF WHAT YOU'VE SAID ABOUT MORBIUS IS TRUE!

BUT SOMEBODY TURNED THAT NICE, PEACE-LOVING CITIZEN OF BOSTON BEHIND YOU INTO A BLOOD-DRINKING MANIAC-- AND IT'S MY JOB TO FIND OUT WHO!

INSPECTOR-- WHEN MICHAEL FIRST BECAME A-- FIRST CHANGED-- HE TRIED TO KILL HIMSELF RATHER THAN MAKE ME SUFFER!

*SEE SPIDERMAN #102-- LEN.

SINCE THEN I KNOW OF THE THING'S HE'S DONE -- BEEN FORCED TO DO WHEN THE CRAVING TAKES HOLD! BUT I KNOW, IN MY HEART, THAT HE IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE HORRORS!

I KNOW IT!



LOOK, MISS-- WHAT I WANT TO BELIEVE DOESN'T AMOUNT TO A HILL OF BEANS! I DON'T WANT TO HOUND YOUR BOYFRIEND--

--I'D LIKE TO GET HIM INTO A HOSPITAL AND HELP HIM FIND THE CURE YOU TELL ME HE'S LOOKING FOR! BUT RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT A STRING OF VERY STRANGE MURDERS ON MY HANDS--

--AND LIKE IT OR NOT-- MICHAEL MORDEUS IS SUSPECT#1!

GLEAMING TEETH REND LEATHER...



...AND NEITHER MARTINE OR THE WEARY CHIEF HEAR THE SLIGHT SOUND MADE BY THE PARTING OF THE VAMPIRE'S RETAINING STRAPS...

TALK ON, FOOLS--

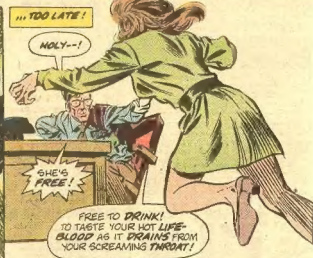
--EACH WORD BRINGS YOU CLOSER TO DEATH!



...AND SAFE IN THEIR POOL OF LIGHT...

...THEY DON'T NOTICE THE SOFT MOVEMENTS OF THE CREATURE OF DARKNESS UNTIL IT IS ALMOST--

NOW!



...TOO LATE!

HOLY--!

SHE'S FREE!

FREE TO DRINK! TO TASTE YOUR HOT LIFE-BLOOD AS IT DRAINS FROM YOUR SCREAMING THROAT!



GET OUT OF THE WAY, LADY!

THIS FEMALE HORROR-SHOW MEANS BUSINESS!

BULLETS WON'T STOP HER, CHIEF!

SHE SPEAKS THE TRUTH, FOOL! DIDN'T YOUR MEN TELL YOU HOW USELESS THEIR WEAPONS WERE WHEN THEY APPREHENDED ME?



...AND THE BLOOD-LUST THAT WAS HIS CURSE AND HIS CURSE COMES UPON THE MAN CALLED MORBIUS!

FLEE, STROUD!

FLEE WHILE I CAN CONTROL IT!

NO! IT'S TOO LATE!

I THIRST!

HEY! DOWN, FIDO! DOWN BOY!

--DOOR!!

WE'RE CRASHING INTO THE--

A DOOR WHICH WAS NOT LOCKED... MERELY HELD CLOSED BY A MASSIVE BOOKCASE...

...WHICH TOPPLES FORWARD WITH A...

FOLLOWED BY THE TWISTING FORMS OF THE LIVING VAMPIRE AND SIMON STROUD AS THEY HURTLE INTO THE MIDST OF AN UNEARTHLY CELEBRATION!

HOLY SMOKE, BLOODBUCKER--

--WE'VE STRUCK PAY DIRT! IT'S A MONSTER MASH!

BUT STROUD'S WORDS DIE IN HIS THROAT AS THE REVELERS TURN TO THE SOUND OF THEIR ENTRANCE...

...AND THE SEPIA LIGHT SHOWS UP THE FANGS THAT GLEAM LIKE ANCIENT IVORY IN EVERY MOUTH.

CRASH

OH! I DIDN'T KNOW WE WERE HAVING GUESTS!

KEE-RISES,
PASTE-FACE!
THEY ALL LOOK
LIKE YOU!

WHICH MAY NOT
BE SAYING MUCH--
--CONSIDERING
WHAT YOU'VE
GOT TO WORK
TH!

I STILL
THIRST, STROUD!
I MUST STILL
HAVE BLOOD!

WE'LL GO
RIGHT AHEAD,
LEECH FROM
THE WAY THEY'RE
LOOKING
AT US--

...AND WITH AN ANIMAL GROWL IN HIS
THROAT HE LEAPS--FANGS GLEAMING
UPON THE NEAREST OF THE OCCUPANTS
OF THE ROOM

YARRRRR!

NO!
YOU ARE ONE
OF US!

-- WE'RE GOING TO
BE THE MAIN COURSE
AT THIS PARTY UNLESS
WE ACT FIRST! SO
DRINK UP, MORBIUS!

GET THEM!
THEY MUST NOT
LEAVE THIS
PLACE ALIVE!

IT'S ON THE
HOUSE!

EVEN THRU HIS BLOODLUST, MORBIUS SENSES THE
URGENCY BEHIND STROUD'S FLIPPANCY...

MICHAEL MORBIUS
DOES NOT STOP TO
CONSIDER THE MAN'S
WORDS...

... HE DRINKS,
IGNORING
ALL ELSE.

YECCHH! THAT'S
DISBUSTING,
MORBIUS!

BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE
OUR HOSTS
AREN'T ON
A MUCH
HIGHER LEVEL
THAN YOU--

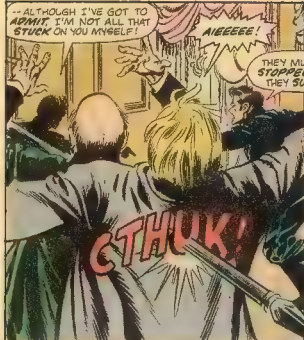
-- GO I'M GONNA
HAVE TO MAKE USE
OF THIS TOADSTICKER
HERE!

C'MON HUNGRES!
THIS IS ONE SUPPER
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE
TO FIGHT FOR!

THEY
ARE
ALLIES!

THEY
MUST DIE
TOGETHER!

SORRY YOU
FEEL THAT WAY,
GANG--



-- ALTHOUGH I'VE GOT TO ADMIT, I'M NOT ALL THAT STUCK ON YOU MYSELF!

AIEEEEE!

THEY MUST BE STOPPED BEFORE THEY SUSPECT--

CTHUK!



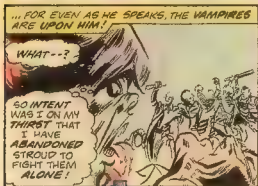
--GNSSGG!

WHAP!

SUSPECT WHAT, BELA? THAT THIS WAS A PRIVATE PARTY?

I MEAN, I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR BEING ANGRY-- BUT AREN'T YOU CARRYING IT A LITTLE TOO FAR?

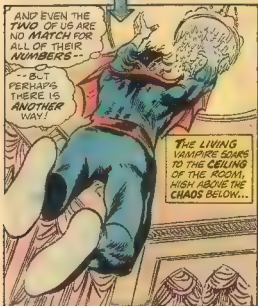
STROUD'S WORDS MASK HIS DESPERATION...



... FOR EVEN AS HE SPEAKS, THE VAMPIRES ARE UPON HIM!

WHAT--?

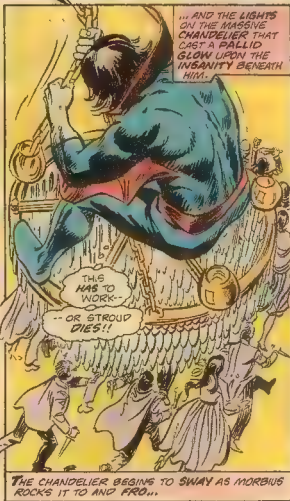
SO INTENT WAS I ON MY THIRST THAT I HAVE ABANDONED STROUD TO FIGHT THEM ALONE!



AND EVEN THE TWO OF US ARE NO MATCH FOR ALL OF THEIR NUMBERS--

-- BUT PERHAPS THERE IS ANOTHER WAY!

THE LIVING VAMPIRE SOARS TO THE CEILING OF THE ROOM, HIGH ABOVE THE CHAOS BELOW...



... AND THE LIGHTS ON THE MASSIVE CHANDELIER THAT CAST A PALLID GLOW UPON THE INSANITY BENEATH HIM.

THIS HAS TO WORK--

-- OR STROUD DIES!!

THE CHANDELIER BEGINS TO SWAY AS MORBIUS ROCKS IT TO AND FRO...

... AND THE CHAIN THAT HOLDS IT
GROANS, UNDER THE ADDED STRESS...

... AND SNAPS WITH A METALLIC SCREAM,
SENDING GLITTERING CRYSTALLINE DEATH
DOWN UPON THE HEADS OF THE UNDEAD
MASSSED BENEATH IT!



MAIL IT TO MORBIUS

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

HELPI!

The Living Vampire is dying!

That's right, fear fans, ADVENTURES INTO FEAR, that haven for the horrific, is slowly winding it's way to a dusty grave, and only you can save it. That's why we're giving you this warning.

Two issues from now, if you don't help, you'll be holding in your hands the last issue of ADVENTURES INTO FEAR featuring Morbius, and the only living vampire will go to his untimely death. Some other star will step into the spotlight. Tough, huh?

Well, there's still something you can do about it.

Morbius, who's battled everything from Spider-Man to an unearthly god, is finally falling prey to poor sales. That's something you can cure. Spread the word to all comic fan you know of Morbius' fate, and who knows, if the sales figures on this and the following two issues pick up, Morbius may return—

A living vampire resurrected!

This time around we're only printing one letter, leaving room for the funny yellow box at the bottom of the page which will tell all True Believers of an event that they should not miss! Read on!

Dear Marvel,

I certainly wish that Doug Moench would remember that Morbius is a living vampire and write stories in more of a science fiction vein (no pun intended) such as Steve Gerber did. The sort of demon donnybrook that was in FEAR #28 might be okay in WEREWOLF BY NIGHT or even in the Morbius stories in VAMPIRE TALES, but SF is what I want to see in the color Morbius stories. As for Frank Robbins' art, I think there is also room for improvement. Frank definitely has shown he's got potential, especially in Captain America.

I'll keep reading and see what happens.

Mark Caldwell
Box 184

Cedar Crest, NJ 07008

Hope the team of Mantlo, Evans, and Springer this issue hasn't fallen short of your expectations, Mark— 'cause they'll be your guides on the last few fateful issues of Morbius—as you already know if you've read the announcement at the head of this column and don't have an aversion to yellow boxes.

You've brought up a point, though which we've been wrestling with since Marvel was created— what directions *should* we take with any given character? Since there is a multitude of ways in which *any* given book can be taken, how does the author/artist/editor decide?

It's very simple— we follow our own hearts, and if we don't get trounced at the newsstands or in your letters, we continue in the same direction. But (and here comes the all-important but), in order to respond to your mail and go the way the majority desires, there must first be an amount of mail for there to be a majority of— and that's why we're begging, pleading, and groveling at your feet for more mail on Morbius (yours was one of two).

We'd like to know where we went wrong.

If we went wrong.

'cause we feel that Morbius has been created with the same tender loving care *any* Marvel book gets, and the experiment should've succeeded. But it's in the midst of fizzling.

So we'd like to receive sacks of mail on this and the next few issues, so we've taken a short rest, Morbius can live again!

(With only your help!)

See ya in sixty!

SAN DIEGO DOES IT AGAIN!

Hey, faithful ones, remember the 1974 San Diego Comic Convention that we reported on in FOOOM MAGAZINE, and that figured largely in one of the most exciting IRON MAN issues of the year? Well, the San Diego crew is putting together another bash and it sounds even better than last year's far-out festivities.

The star-studded guest list includes the one and only STAN LEE, JACK "King" KIRBY, Rascally ROY THOMAS, Doc Savage producer GEORGE PAL, Robert "Psycho" BLOCH, WILL EISNER, RAY BRADBURY, RUSSELL MYERS, FRANK BRUNNER, STEVE ENGLEHART, TONY ISABELLA, BARRY SMITH, JIM STARLIN, JIM STER-ANKO, and a host of others. There'll be panel discussions, chalk talks, luncheons, a masquerade party, a magic show, a karate demonstration, a visit to the world-renowned Reuben H. Fleet Space Theater, and much, much more.

It all happens at the El Cortez Hotel in downtown San Diego. It starts on July 30th and doesn't stop until August 3rd. To get further information, just drop a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: SAN DIEGO COMIC CONVENTION, BOX 17066, SAN DIEGO, CA. 92117. We'll see you there, tiger!

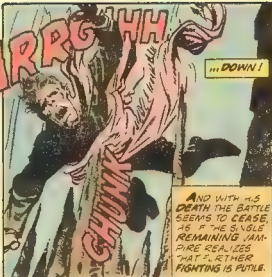


AND THE
PIECES
FOLLOW
HIM ..

ALL THE WAY

SHINEEEEEEE-ARRGHH

...DOWN!



AND WITH HIS
DEATH THE BATTLE
SEEMS TO CEASE.
AS F THE SINGLE
REMAINING VAM-
PIRE REALIZES
THAT FURTHER
FIGHTING IS FUTILE.

HE'S DISINTEGRATING
JUST LIKE THE OTHERS,
STROUD!

IS THERE NO
END TO THIS
MADNESS?

THERE IS NOW, MORBI!
IF THIS GUY DOESN'T
START TALKIN', HE'S
GONNA BE THE NEXT
TO GO UP IN SMOKE!



NO! ASK
WHAT YOU WILL!
I'LL ANSWER
ANYTHING!

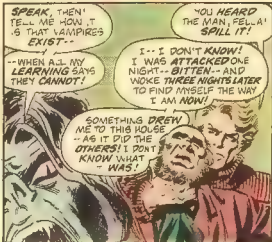
SPEAK, THEN!
TELL ME HOW IT
IS THAT VAMPIRES
EXIST--

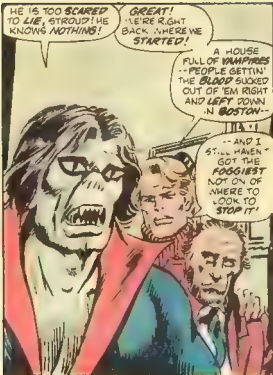
--WHEN ALL MY
LEARNING SAYS
THEY CANNOT!

YOU HEARD
THE MAN, FELLA!
SPILL IT!

I-- I DON'T KNOW!
I WAS ATTACKED ONE
NIGHT-- BITTEN-- AND
WOKE THREE NIGHTS LATER
TO FIND MYSELF THE WAY
I AM NOW!

SOMETHING DREW
ME TO THIS HOUSE
--AS IT DID THE
OTHERS! I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
-- WAS!



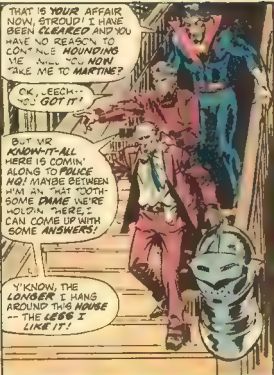


HE IS TOO SCARED
TO LIE, STROUD! HE
KNOWS NOTHING!

GREAT!
WE'RE RIGHT
BACK WHERE WE
STARTED!

A HOUSE
FULL OF VAMPIRES
--PEOPLE GETTIN'
THE BLOOD SUCKED
OUT OF 'EM RIGHT
AND LEFT DOWN
IN BOSTON--

--AND I
STILL HAVEN'
GOT THE
FOGGIEST
NOT ON OF
WHERE TO
LOOK TO
STOP IT!



THAT IS YOUR AFFAIR
NOW, STROUD! I HAVE
BEEN CLEARED AND YOU
HAVE NO REASON TO
CONTINUE HOUNDING
ME. WILL YOU NOW
TAKE ME TO MARTINE?

OK, LEECH--
YOU GOT IT!

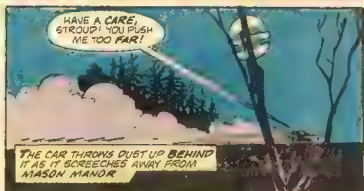
BUT WE
KNOW IT ALL
HERE IS COMIN'
ALONG TO POLICE
HQ! MAYBE BETWEEN
HIM AN THAT TOOTH-
SOME DAME WE'RE
HOLDIN' THERE, I
CAN COME UP WITH
SOME ANSWERS!

Y'KNOW, THE
LONGER I HANG
AROUND THIS HOUSE
--THE LESS I
LIKE IT!



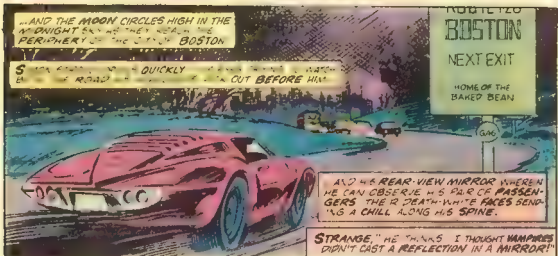
YOU WANNA
FLY BACK, LEECH--?

--OR CAN I
GIVE YOU A
LIFT?



HAVE A CARE,
STROUD! YOU PUSH
ME TOO FAR!

THE CAR THROWS DUST UP BEHIND
IT AS IT SCREECHES AWAY FROM
MASON MANOR



--AND THE MOON CIRCLES HIGH IN THE
MIDNIGHT SKY AS THEY NEAR THE
PERIPHERY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

SOON AFTER MIDNIGHT, THE CAR QUICKLY
DRIVES OUT BEFORE HIM

ROUTE 120
BOSTON
NEXT EXIT

HOME OF THE
BAKED BEAN

GAC

AND HIS REAR-VIEW MIRROR WHEREIN
HE CAN OBSERVE HIS PAIR OF PASSEN-
GERS THE 2 DEATH-WHITE FACES SEND-
ING A CHILL ALONG HIS SPINE.

STRANGE," HE THINKS I THOUGHT VAMPIRES
DIDN'T CAST A REFLECTION IN A MIRROR!"

BUT REFLECTION OR NO... STROUD GUNS THE ENGINE, RACING THE CAR ONTO AN EARLY MORNING SOUTH STREET. FIRST RAYS OF THE SUN CASTING LONG SHADOWS ACROSS THE CONCRETE, BRICK AND GLASS OF STILL SLEEPING STOREFRONTS.

AND STROUD REMEMBERS YET ANOTHER THING ABOUT CAMPBELL THAT HIS REFLEXES HAD TAUGHT HIM.

WEREN'T THEY SUPPOSED TO PERISH IF TOUCHED BY THE LIGHT OF THE SUN?

WE'RE HERE, PLAYMATES! I'D LIKE TO SAY "IT AIN'T MUCH BUT IT'S HOME!"

--BUT EVEN IF IT WERE HOME, IT STILL WOULDN'T AMOUNT TO MUCH!

SKREEEE!

WHAT HAPPENS NOW, POLICEMAN? DO I JUST WALK AWAY WITH MARTINE? OR WILL WE BE DETAINED FURTHER?

YOU KNOW THE SCORE, MORB! EVEN IF YOU'RE INNOCENT OF THE VAMPIRE MURDERS, THERE'S STILL THE CHARGE OF STEALING PLASMA FROM THAT BLOOD-BANK--

STILL THINK THAT THERE'S A CONNECTION BETWEEN YOU AND SMILEY HERE.

"SEE FEAR #2" FOR THAT "THE CAPER" VAMPIRE

BESIDES DOC--YOU NEED HELP IN THE WORST WAY SOONER OR LATER YOU'RE GONNA REALIZE THAT YOU CAN'T FIGHT THIS THING ALONE AND--

BLAM! BLAM! POLICE (STAT)

GUNFIRE? FROM INSIDE POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS?

YOU LET GO OF OUR CAPTIVE, STROUD! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

FORGET HIM! I'VE GOT TO GET MARTINE INSIDE!

MARTINE'S IN THERE!

THOSE FOOLS HAVE HURT HER--



I DON'T THINK
YOUR GIRLFRIEND
IS ENOUGH TO CAUSE
A RIOT IN A
PRECINCT HOUSE,
LEECH!

THO! YOU
KNOW HER
BETTER THAN
I DO! MAYBE I
MISSED
SOMETHING!

SHE GOT
THE CHIEF AND A
PATROLMAN!

MOVE IT,
MEN! ON THE
DOUBLE!



WHAT'S WITH THE
CANNON, SERGEANT?
YOU GUNNIN' FOR
BEAR?

STROUD!
WHERE THE BLAZES
HAVE YOU BEEN?

NEVER MIND
THAT NOW--JUST
FOLLOW ME! WE'LL
NEED EVERY MAN
IN THE STATION
FOR THIS DAME!



'DAME?' DOES
HE MEAN MARTINE,
STROUD?

GOT ME,
LEECH! I JUST
SHOWED UP
MYSELF!

SHE'S 'ROUND THE
OTHER SIDE OF THIS
CORNER!

THIS IS
THE ONLY
EXIT! IF SHE'S
COMIN' OUT,
IT'LL BE THIS
WAY!



SHE'S ALREADY
KILLED TWO MEN,
SO THERE WON'T
BE ANY
WARNING
SHOT!

THE ORDER IS--
FIRST MAN TO SEE
HER, SHOOT TO
KILL!



THERE
SHE IS!

THE ACRID STENCH OF
BURNT GUNPOWDER AND
THE CRASHING DIN OF
PUMPING SHOTGUNS FILLS
THE NARROW CORRIDOR...

THE KING IS BACK! 'NUFF SAD!

STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

This month's news is too big to hold off for another minutel Jack Kirby is back! Yep, that's right! O' King Kirby (and don't forget, it was at Marvel that he got that sobriquet) has returned to the bosom of the blushin' Bullpen! This is where his heart is—this is where it all started—and this is where one of the greatest talents in comics belongs. One of Jolly Jack's first projects will be a Marvel Treasury edition of (hold onto your hat) 2001, A SPACE ODYSSEY! Also, he'll start on another brand new series dealing with the Gods that walk amongst us! And, just to prove the master's hand still hasn't lost its touch, he'll be taking over the strip he started more than three decades ago—the one and only CAPTAIN AMERICA! Jack'll be writing and drawing the whole magilla by his lonesome. Much as I'm itchin' to collaborate with him once more, I've still got to finish writing SON OF ORIGINS so that the great new sequel to ORIGINS OF MARVEL COMICS can be on sale for you before this Christmas. But, as soon as Jack and I get a breather, and when you least expect it, watch for a gigantic special edition of—you guessed it—THE SILVER SURFER! Anyway, one of the most dramatic moments in the Mighty Marvel Con, which was held at Easter time, was when most of the Bullpen was on stage for a panel discussion of The Fantastic Four, and I mentioned that I had a special announcement to make. As I started telling about Jack's return, to a totally incredulous audience, everyone's head started to snap around as Kirby himself came waltzin' down the aisle to join us on the rostrum! You can imagine how it felt clownin' around with the co-creator of most of Marvel's greatest strips once more. Now, if we could only find poor old Irving Forbush! Anyway, the Con was a total triumph! Kirby's back! Howard the Duck loves you all! And every day's a holiday at Marvel! So, till we meet again, remember those Imperishable words of Aunt Petunia—never speak harshly of your enemy—when you can kick 'im in the shins instead!

Excelsior!

Stan



and possible greatest guest-star extravaganza of all—the super-team supreme—THE CHAMPIONS! Featuring five of the most far-out fightin' furies ever to cross the pages of a comic mag, this brainchild of TONY (the Tiger) ISABELLA is even at this moment being blazingly brought to life by Dashing DON HECK, whose pulse-pounding pencils on both THE AVENGERS and THE DEFENDERS elicited such enormous approval from Marveldom Assembled! So join Tony, Don, THE ANGEL, THE BLACK WIDOW, GHOST RIDER, HERCULES, THE ICEMAN, and a volume of vile villains for this power-packed premiere—on sale in July! (And while you're waiting, you might pick up on a few other super-group sensations—namely the FANTASTIC FOUR, the aforementioned AVENGERS and DEFENDERS, the X-MEN, the GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY, and those wide-eyed wonders of World War II—THE INVADERS. At Marvel, everybody gets into the act!)

ITEM! Look out, Lockjaw! Watch out, Redwing! here comes the all-time ace of the animal kingdom—HOWARD THE DUCK! That's right, O True Believer! Stan and the Marvel Gang proudly present an



all-new comic mag masterpiece starring the Aquatic Avenger whose uncanny deeds of derring-do have astonished readers in THE MAN-THING. Once more, STEVE GERBER and FRANK BRUNNER combine talents to give you what may turn out to be the greatest humor or greatest adventure mag the world has ever known! Once more, that's HOWARD THE DUCK—now in his own book! And you thought we didn't love ya!

ITEM! "Cut off a limb and two more shall take its place!" So sayeth Hydra...and so sayeth MARVEL! In case you were wondering what we had in store for you in our magnificent magazine line, wonder no more. First off, SAVAGE TALES (starring KA-ZAR) is gone. But it's being replaced by not one, but two great new titles—MARVEL SUPER ACTION (starring KA-ZAR, THE PUNISHER and DOMINIC FORTUNE) and SHERLOCK HOLMES (the dean of detectives in exciting adventures as portrayed by Devil-May-Care DOUG MOENCH and Valiant VAL MAYERIK). Secondly, DRACULA LIVES! and VAMPIRE TALES are gone. But they're being replaced by not one, not two, but four new magazines—THE LEGION OF MONSTERS (presenting spine-chilling stories of DRACULA, THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER, and the all-new MANPHIBIAN), MASTERS OF TERROR (the works of Robert E. Howard, H.P. Lovecraft, Robert Bloch, and other titans of the typewriter—re-presented in comics form), MARVEL MOVIE PREMIERE (the sensations of cinemaland—brought to you by masterful Marvel), and STAR-LORD (science-fiction with a difference!). How's that for making Hydra look like a pack of pikers?

ITEM! It had to happen! After two years and 196 pages (surely a rollickin' record of some sort), Dauntless DON MCGREGOR's classic tale of heroism and revolution, "Panther's Rage," is drawing to a close. So don't dare miss the latest issue of JUNGLE ACTION starring THE BLACK PANTHER! (P.S. for BILLY GRAHAM watchers: just who is that handsome dude we've been seeing in the back-grounds of television commercials for such diverse products as beer and chewing gum? Darned if he doesn't look familiar.)

ITEM! If you missed MARVELCON '75, pilgrim, then you missed the comics cavalcade of the decade! Not only was Jack Kirby's return to Marvel announced before an enthralled crowd, but most of your favorite Marvel madmen were there to meet and greet all the keepers of the flame who likewise keep us from going bankrupt! There were panels, displays, and even guest appearances by Spidey and ol' Cap America themselves! Even if you missed the event of the convention year, though, you can still share in the fun! Just pick up on FOOH MAGAZINE #10 and dig on our special photo-news report on the festivities! And, of course, there's always MARVELCON '76! Year after year, Marvel's number one! Believe it!

ITEM! If you think the triumphant return of the King (which has got to be the most awesome arrival since MacArthur trucked on back to the Philippines) is the only big event coming at you from your brain-blastin' Bullpen, we'll just have to casually mention the title of our grandest, goofiest,

... BUT THE POLICEMAN'S EYES WIDEN IN TERROR, FOR THEIR TARGET ONLY LAUGHS AS FIERY PEL-LETS OF LEAD SCREAM AT...

... AND THROUGH HER, WITH NO APPARENT EFFECT!

SHOOT, YOU PITIFUL FOOLS! SHOOT!

I CANNOT BE KILLED BY YOUR INEFFECTUAL WEAPONS!

AND WHEN I HAVE HAD MY FILL OF THE BLOOD OF THESE VICTIMS, I WILL THEN ADD YOUR DEATHS TO THEIRS!

C'MON, MORBIUS! YOUR LADY-FRIEND WAS IN THAT ROOM WITH THE CHIEF!

AND IF HE'S BOUGHT IT--

NO! IT MUST NOT BE!

NOT MARTINE!

STROUD LUNGES, SILVER AXE-HEAD PLUNGING...

IT'S THE VAMP THE CHIEF CALLED ME IN ON! THE ONE WHO UPSET OUR THEORIES ABOUT MORBIUS BEING THE MURDERER!

FACE IT, STROUD! YOU'VE HAD THE LEECH PEGGED WRONG RIGHT FROM THE START!

INCASE OF FIRE BREAK GLASS

... BUT THE VAMPIRE IS QUICK WITH THE SPEED OF RAGING INSANITY-- AND THE EX-AGENT FALLS, STUNNED FROM AN IMMENSELY POWERFUL BLOW TO HIS NECK!

UNGAAHH!

SO! YOU CHOOSE TO GIVE THOSE OTHER CATTLE A REPRIEVE AND OFFER YOURSELF! FOOL!

THE AXE IS RETRIEVED BY MORBIUS... A FEELING OF COLD DREAD BEGINNING TO CHILL THRU TO HIS HEART...

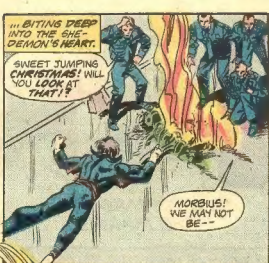
MARTINE!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MARTINE!?!



... AND HE DOES NOT WAIT FOR THE SLAVERING CREATURE'S ANSWER!

THE STEEL AXE-HEAD PAINS HOME...



... BITING DEEP INTO THE SHE-DEMON'S HEART.

SWEET JUMPING CHRISTMAS! WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT!?

MORBIUS! WE MAY NOT BE--



-- TOO LATE!

OH MY GOD... IT-IT'S MARTINE...

NOT SHE CAN'T BE DEAD!

SHE MUSTN'T BE!



WANTED

EXPECTING DEATH. MORBIUS IS STUNNED WHEN HIS EYES BEHOLD LIFE!

YES, MICHAEL! A VAMPIRE! AND ONLY NOW DO I TRULY UNDERSTAND YOUR LUSTS, MY DARLING!

AT LAST WE CAN BE TOGETHER!

WHY, WHEN SHE FINALLY RISES AND TURNS, DO HER EYES GLEAM IN THE BEMI-DARKNESS? A GLEAM THAT IS MIRRORRED BY FANGS THAT FLASH MOISTLY, WET BY A MADLY LOLLING TONGUE?

"MARTINE?" WHISPERS MICHAEL MORBIUS, A MAN WHO NO LONGER CARES FOR TRUTH... WHO WILL PRAY THIS DAY FOR SWEET ILLUSION IF ONLY THAT WILL WIPE FROM HIS TOTTERING CONSCIOUSNESS...

... THE SIGHT OF THE WOMAN HE LOVES --AS A VAMPIRE!

AND THE MAN CALLED MORBIUS SCREAMS!

NEXT? THE END!